

OBITUARY.

**DEATH OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF
BUNKER HILL.**

RAIPH FARNHAM, of Acton, Maine, the last survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, which took place on the 17th of June, 1776—over a year before the independence of his country was declared—died on the island at Great Falls, New Hampshire, on the 26th inst., at the age of one hundred and four years five months and thirteen days. Mr. Farnham's home was on a farm of one hundred acres, situated about half a mile from the village of Acton, Me. The farm was managed by his second son, Mr. John Farnham, who is now sixty-three years old. The old patriarch was the father of seven children, the eldest, who would now have been seventy-five years old, and another was dead. There are five yet living. He enlisted, with some of his youthful comrades, shortly after Washington took command of the revolutionary forces at Cambridge. He

Farham's home was on a farm or one hundred acres, situated about half a mile from the village of Aston, Mass. The farm is managed by his second son, Mr. John Farham, who is now sixty-three years old. The old patriot was the father of seven children, the eldest, who would now have been seventy-five years old, and another son died. There are five yet living. He entered, with some of his youthful comrades, shortly after Washington took command of the revolutionary forces at Cambridge. He

of his youthful comrades, shortly after Washington took command of the revolutionary forces at Cambridge. He reached the camp only the day before the battle of Bunker Hill, and was immediately marched to the exposed scene of operations. He was placed in the rear in charge of ammunition and stores, when the battle began, but as

1 proceeded was called into action. He served in the revolutionary army through three campaigns, from 1775 to 1777. He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne and used often to relate the following anecdote of that event:—He said that after Burgoyne's surrender, General Gates invited him and other British officers to dine with him and his officers. During the dinner everybody was

very cheerful and pleasant, or at least, appeared to be so. Gates sat at the head of the table, and Burgoyne opposite him. There was some laughter amongst those seated near the British officer, and Gates inquired the cause of it. His officer explained:—"General Gates, General Burgoyne says he would rather take you for an old woman than a soldier." "Ah!" replied Gates, "does he? Well, perhaps I am an old woman—I delivered him safely of 10,000 men." The following letter, written by the old

man in September last, in reply to the invitation from Governor Banks and others, shows that the weight of a century had not dimmed his faculties nor unpaired his enjoyment of life:—

ACTON, Ma., Sept. 25, 1892.

Mr. N. P. Banks, Mr. F. W. Lincoln, Jr., and others, Boston.—I have received your kind invitation to visit Boston, and I thank you for the honor you do me. When I lived in the American army at the age of sixteen, I did not consider

should live to be 104, and be asked by the Governor and Mayor and other distinguished people to visit the city. It seems strange that out of all who were at Bunker Hill I alone should be living. It appears to me, though so long ago, as if it was but yesterday. I can remember the particulars of the march after I listed—how the people cheered, and when near Andover, Colonel Abbott came out and said: "Well done my lads," and sent out cider and grog in palli. We got to Cambridge the day before the battle. Oh, it was a terrible affair to me for it was the first time I had seen blood.

served with the army through three campaigns, and was present and on guard when Burgoyne surrendered. I don't think I deserve any special praise for the part I took in the Revolution. I felt and acted only for other men. I receive every year a pension of \$61 and 66 cents—though I have to pay \$4 to a lawyer in Portland to get it for me. I have many things to comfort me as I journey along through life: innumerable are the mercies I am surrounded with. As to temporal matters, kind, loving children, faithful friends. As to spiritual—the Holy Scriptures and the various institutions of the church—all

which are designed for our improvement here, and to prepare us to dwell in that better world above. If a kind Providence spares my life and health, you may expect to see me in Boston about the 8th of October. Your friend,

RALPH FARNHAM.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

We have received intelligence of the decease, recently, of Holly Springs, Mississippi, of Rev. James H. Ingraham.

Mr. Ingraham was born in Portland, Maine, in 1809, and at an early age went to Mississippi as a teacher. In 1835 he published his first book, "The Southwest by a Yankee." This proving successful, Mr. Ingraham entered largely into the production of the "Yellow Covered

literature," once so popular. Sea stories were his speciality. "Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf," "Captain Kidd," the "Dancing Feather," and many other romances, successfully appeared with the name of "Professor Ingram" on the title page. Several years ago Mr. Ingram took orders in the Protestant Episcopal church, and was established as rector of a church at Hollis, Maine, on Monday.

only Springs, Mississippi, but he did not give up writing, only directing his style towards religious subjects, producing "The Prince of the House of David," "The Pillar of Fire," and other works, which were published in this city. He was a Northern man with Southern sentiments, and decidedly pro-slavery in feeling, though he had not been demonstrative enough to earn the title of fire-eater. His latest literary work was the editing of a volume called "The Sunny South," narrating

to be the diary of a Northern governess in the Southern States.

DEATH OF COMMODORE PLATT.
[From the Auburn (N. Y.) Union, Dec. 26.]
Another of our most eminent public servants has gone to his final rest. Commander Charles T. Platt—the aid of Commodore McDonough in the battle of Lake Champlain—late commander of the Albany. In the home scene,

son—the father of the present rector of St. Peter's church in this city, departed this life at Newburg, on the 12th inst., in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Commodore Platt was born at Plattsburg, N. Y., on the 10th of October, 1795. His father was the proprietary of that township. The son was left, while a child, in the dependence of orphanage. The shelter of his boyhood was found under the roof of Judge Jonas

Platt, and with Charles Z. Platt, at Albany, then Treasurer of the State. On the outbreak of hostilities between this government and Great Britain he was an eager aspirant for the perils and honors of naval heroism. His public career commenced with a midshipman's warrant, dated June 18, 1812. The order accompanying it directed him to repair at once to his station in the flag ship of our fleet upon Lake Cham-

tain. With their fleet he continued guarding our ironclads against the enemy's invasion by water during the summer, and watching against his approach upon the ice by winter, to destroy our vessels harbored at Vergennes. He was at his post, on board the *Saratoga*, on the memorable 11th of September, 1814, when the British squadron bore down upon Commodore McDonough in Plattsburg bay. During the engagement on this day *Midshipman Platt* acted in the capacity of Commodore's Aid. His duty, ac-

Accordingly, required him to pass repeatedly through the line of contending fleets. The fire of the enemy was directed upon his open boat whenever the lifting clouds of smoke exposed his open boat to view. Our fellow townsman, E. B. Cobb, Esq., who was in that action, says that Lord Provost surveyed this action from Judge Platt's piazza. Their aim was not effectual in intercepting his communication of orders, though

Immediately after the pacification of 1815, he applied for a furlough, for the purpose of voyaging to the East Indies, in such a capacity that he might accomplish himself in all the details of navigation.

Without specifying intermediate cruises, we find him in 1820 acting under Capt. Sidney Smith, on board the United States ship Hornet, protecting our commerce in the West Indies. The most remarkable episode of this cruise was his seventy days' expedition in an open barge at sea in search of the piratical vessels that hovered for plunder around the track of our merchantmen. Such was the complicity of foreign authority with these depredations, and so dexterously did they freshen their sails

the close of our larger men-of-war, that the desperate experiment of ferreting out their resorts in an open barge seemed to be the only practicable counterplot to their stratagems, and the only plan of reaching a clue to their hiding place. This was accomplished with great personal hazard and hardship. For ten days he depended for his own subsistence and that of his crew upon the corn gnawed from the dry cobs. He pursued a piratical

runner into the harbor of a town hidden away in a cove. The Alcalde professed to receive him with every hospitality, while the robbers were screened and the wealth of their nefarious trade was temptingly offered to his crew as the bribe to mutiny and his murder. Coolness and nerve brought him safely through this danger. His natural decision of character herein, evinced itself, awing into submission, without the shedding of blood, a whole crew of men and their leader, who could afford to be

In 1824-5 he held the command of the Beagle in the squadron of Commodore Porter, still engaged in unraveling the mysteries and suppressing the crimes of West India piracy. While thus employed, his men wasted away under the diseases of the tropics. His enduring constitution passed unscathed, while his decks were more than once desolated with the yellow fever. But the sea-

Force was not his only foe. Piracy was yet abroad. He tracked the miscreants to their retreats. He seized their coasts. He recovered valuable cargoes. He pressed upon their armed craft whenever they ventured past of port. He compelled them to abandon the sea. At last, changing one of their vessels into Faxardo, a Spanish post on the north coast of Porto Rico, the authorities pretended to suspect him of feigning the rights of a naval

... and proceeded to imprison him. Mountains, the piratical crew fled, and their booty was secreted. But the event proved that his daring had stabbed the iniquity to its heart. Commodore Porter came to his relief, and, by his unmaking of the authority that had sheltered the pirates, accomplished their suppression. This will be reckoned one of the most useful and therefore the most glorious of our naval achievements, when we recall the series of cruises that had

After subsequent service as lieutenant in the Mediterranean squadron, he was in 1829 acting as executive officer of the United States ship *Fulton*, then the receiving ship at Brooklyn Navy Yard. In the catastrophe of the 4th of June, when the magazine of this ship exploded, he received his most serious bodily injuries. With his

The explosion of the magazine of the Fulton occurred while the officers and a small company of guests were sitting in the cabin. Among the party was Lieut. Brock-

George, United States Navy, who was killed, his only wound being the purchase of a bayonet through the forehead. His wife, who sat at his side while dining, was severely wounded. Com. Platt occupied the head of the table, the Rev. Charles H. Platt, then a lad of six years, sat at his left, over whom a waiter was leaning, who was rushed by a timber falling upon his head. The injuries Charles were but slight bruises, which soon healed. To save his father, with other bloodline officers, came in

the holders of the boat that conveyed them to the shore, but he immediately swooned again, and did not recover his consciousness until they were placed in the ship house at the Navy Dock Yard. He then crept to the line of bodies supposed to be dead, and recognized his father, seized his cravat and appealed to the crowd to retire and give him chance for breath, for life was still there. The surgeons re-examined the Commodore and discovered

The ravage of this nearly fatal disaster left a wound of affliction and pain that never forsook his frame. His

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